

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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T. O. P. VERNON, Associate Editor.

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## CAROLINA SPARTAN.

### THE MOTHER'S FIRST GIFT.

BY ROBERT S. CHILTON.

She sits beside the cradle,  
And her tears are streaming fast,  
For she sees the present only,  
While she thinks of all the past;  
Of the days so full of gladness,  
When her first-born's answering kiss  
Filled her soul with such a rapture,  
That it knew not other bliss.  
Oh! those happy, happy moments!  
They but deepen her despair,  
For she bends above the cradle,  
And her baby is not there!  
There are words of comfort spoken,  
And the lullaby is sung,  
And the mother's heart is soothed,  
But her tears are still being wrung.  
Till they settle on the scene  
Of the dark and silent chamber,  
And of all that might have been,  
For a little vacant garment,  
Or a shining tress of hair,  
Tells her heart in tones of anguish,  
That her baby is not there!  
She sits beside the cradle,  
But her tears no longer flow,  
For she sees a blessed vision,  
And forgets all earthly woe;  
Safely eyes look down upon her,  
And the voice that hushed the sea  
Still her spirit with the whisper,  
"Suffer them to come to Me."  
And while her soul is lifted  
On the soaring wings of prayer,  
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,  
And she sees her baby there!

**PRESENT FASHION.**  
Bonnet on the shoulders;  
Nose up to the sky;  
Puffed sleeves full of flounces,  
Raised a LA SHANG high,  
Under skirts be spattered  
Look amazing neat;  
All your silks get "watered"  
Sweeping down the street!

**CHURCH TALK.**—At the recent session of the Synod of South Carolina, of the Presbyterian Church, the case of A. F. Browning came up on appeal from Presbytery. Of the case and the decision of Synod the *Yorkville Enquirer* says:

"The charge is that Mr. Browning, one of the firm of Browning & Leman and Bancroft, Betts & Marshall, fraudulently applied to his own use the funds of the first to the amount of about \$25,000. The session of his church in Charleston, to which he himself referred the matter, sustained the charge and dismissed him. An appeal was taken to the Presbytery, and the verdict reversed; and all parties now appear before the Synod for a final adjudication. As far as I can judge from the evidence, Mr. Browning will be restored to his membership. So far from being guilty of fraud, he appears to be guilty of a want of business capacity—a crime which, your readers may be glad to hear, is not in the category of which the church takes cognizance. Mr. Browning is not a broken merchant. I understand that he is able to pay and is willing to pay his liabilities handsomely, and I have but little doubt that the case will appear somewhat in the light of a malicious prosecution—though, the term prosecution cannot be properly used in reference to it."

The Grand Jury for Greenville District, whose presentment is published in the *Patriot and Mountaineer*, called the attention of the Court to the fact that many men both married and single, sustain illicit connections with members of the other sex, and being informed that there are no laws in this State that will reach such cases, (though we think they have been misinformed,) they earnestly recommend that legislative attention should be given to this subject. They further recommend as an additional modification, to the greater efficiency of the Free School system, that every male between the ages of 21 and 50 years shall pay a Free School tax not exceeding fifty cents, for the education of poor children, and that—dollars be withdrawn from the appropriation to the South Carolina College, to be applied to the same object.

Some years ago, "so we hear," in one of the back counties in Pennsylvania, Barent Van Nuys "fell out" with Brom Van Pelt, "concerning" of the misdeeds of Brom's dog, and in his wrath he swore he would, at the first opportunity, kill that valuable animal "deader as ter Tuvel." Horrified at the threat, and solicitous for the welfare of his quadruped, Brom went "full chisel" to the Justice of the Peace, made oath of the facts of the case, and prayed sureties of the peace against Barent. Deeply impressed with the turpitude of Barent's conduct in the premises, the Squire issued his warrant, and shortly afterwards Barent appeared before the offended majesty of the law, "supported" by a constable. After sternly reprimanding the defendant, and inveighing in fitting terms against the infamy of "sich doings," his honor took Barent's recognizance in the sum of one hundred dollars, conditioned "that he, the said Barent Van Nuys, would keep the peace toward all good dogs in the State of Pennsylvania, and especially towards Abraham Van Pelt's dog!" A "true copy from the record," as we are credibly assured.

There is a child in Cohoes, N. Y., one-half of whose left eye is blue while the other half is black. The division is equal, and the dividing line, which is drawn perpendicularly across the eye, is straight and well-defined, the color changing abruptly from blue to black.

**TO PREVENT FRUIT MOULD.**—Fruit jellies may be preserved from mouldiness by covering the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with finely pulverized loaf sugar. Thus protected, they will keep in good condition for years.

**CONSUMPTION.**—In what aspect is James Buchanan unlike Col. Denton? Do you give it up? Because he gave Fremont Jesse.

## LEAP FROM THE MAIN BRUCKE.

I.

It was past midnight—the lights on the stone-bridge which crosses the river Main at Frankfurt were still burning, though the footsteps of passengers had died away for some time on its pavement—when a young man approached the bridge from the town with hasty strides. At the same time, another man, advanced in years, was coming towards him from Sachsenhausen, the well-known suburb on the opposite side of the river. The two had not yet met, when the latter turned from his path, and went towards the parapet, with evident intention of leaping from the bridge into the Main. The young man followed him quickly, and laid hold of him.

"Sir," said he, "I think you want to drown yourself."

"You think right, sir; but what is that you?"

"Nothing at all. I was only going to ask you to do me the favor to wait a few minutes, and allow me to join you. Let us draw close to each other, and arm-in-arm, take the leap together. The idea of making the journey with a perfect stranger, who has chanced to come for the same purpose, is really rather interesting. Indeed, I have not experienced anything so exciting for some time; and I should not have thought that, in my last hour, so pleasant an occurrence would happen. Come, sir; for many years I have not made a request to any human being: do not refuse me in this one, which must be my last. I assure you, I do not remember having ever spent so many words about any request whatever."

So saying, the young man held out his hand. His companion took it, and he then continued, with a kind of enthusiasm: "So be it; arm-in-arm—and now let us be quick about it. It is really charming to feel a human heart near me in these last moments. I do not ask what you are, good or bad—come, let us drown."

The elder of the two, who had at first been in so great a hurry to end his existence in the waters of the river, now restrained the impetuosity of the younger.

"Stop, sir," said he, while his weary eyes tried to examine the features of his companion as well as the flickering light of the nearest lamp would allow him—"Stop, sir. You seem to be too young to leave life in this way. I am afraid you are committing a rash act; for a man of your years, life must still have bright prospects."

"Bright prospects!—in the midst of rot and decay, falsehood and deceit, vice and corruption! Come, let us make an end of it."

"Oh, serpents are noble beings compared with men; they follow the impulses of their nature; they are no hypocrites, bearing virtue on their lips and vice in their hearts."

"I pity you from my heart; but there certainly are many exceptions to this miserable rule."

"I have found none," said the young man. "Then it may be a consolation, though a poor one, that you have found one in this solemn hour. However much men are given to falsehood, there are very few who die in the hour of death, within sight of eternity. But for me, I have never told a falsehood in my life, and I would not for anything in the world enter upon the dark road with a lie upon my lips; and, therefore, when I tell you that I am not a villain, as you seem to think me, but an honest and upright man, I am telling you the simple, unvarnished truth."

"Indeed—that is interesting. And so I must meet the only honest man I ever saw in the world when I am on the point of leaving it, and in his own company!"

"Let me go alone, and do you remain here. Believe me, there are many good and honest people who could render life charming for you. Seek them, and you are sure to find them."

"Well, the first one I have found already. But if life presents itself to you in hues so bright, I am surprised you should wish to leave it."

"Oh, I am only a poor sickly man, unable to earn anything, and who can endure no longer that his only child, an angel of a daughter, should work day and night to maintain him, and even sometimes to procure him luxuries. No, sir, to allow this longer, I must be a tyrant, a barbarian."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the other, almost terrified, "you have an only daughter sacrificing herself for your sake?"

"And with what patience, what sweetness, what love, what perseverance! I see her sinking under her toil and her deprivations, and not a word of complaint escapes from her pallid lips. She works and starves, and still has always a word of love, an affectionate smile for her father."

"Sir, and you want to commit suicide! Are you mad?"

"Dare I murder that angel! The thought pierces my heart like a dagger," said the old man, sobbing.

"Sir, you must have a bottle of wine with me: I see a tavern open yonder. Come, you must tell me your history; and, if you have no objection, I will tell you mine. But this much I may say at once—there is no occasion for you to leap into the river. I am a rich, a very rich man; and if things really are as you represent, your daughter will no longer have to work, and you shall not starve."

The old man allowed himself to be dragged along by his companion. In a few minutes they were seated at a table in the tavern, with full glasses before them, and each examining curiously the features of the other.

business on my own account. I took a situation as book-keeper, which I held until I became useless from age, and younger men were preferred to me. Thus my circumstances were always circumscribed, but my domestic happiness was complete. My wife, an angel of love, kindness, and fondness, good and pious, active and affectionate; and my daughter is the true image of her mother. But age and illness have brought me to the last extremity, and my conscience revolts at the idea of the best child in the world sacrificing her life for an old useless fellow. I cannot have much longer to live; and I hope the Lord will pardon me for cutting off a few days or weeks of my life, in order to preserve or prolong that of my dear Bertha."

"You are a fortunate man, my friend," exclaimed the young man; "I have never seen a more fortunate one. What you call your misfortune is sheer nonsense, and can be cured at once. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be the heir to all my possessions, and to-morrow night I will take the leap from the Main Brucke alone. But before I leave this world I must see your Bertha, for I am anxious to look upon one who is worthy the name of a human being."

"But, sir, what can have made you so unhappy at this early age?" said the old man, moved with compassion.

"I believe it was my father's wealth. I am the only son of one of the richest bankers of Frankfurt: when I mention my name, you will be at once convinced of the truth of my assertion. My father died five years ago, and left me the heir to an immense fortune. From that moment, every one that has come in contact with me has endeavored to deceive and defraud me. I was a child in innocence, trusting and confiding. My education had not been neglected, and I possessed my mother's loving heart. I endeavored to associate myself in a union of love and friendship with good and generous people, but I found only hypocrites and impostors, who pretended friendship for no other reason than to partake of my wealth, and enjoy themselves at my expense. My friends, or rather the villains whom I mistook for my friends, and to whom I opened my heart, betrayed me, and laughed at my simplicity; but in time I gathered experience, and my heart was filled with distrust. I was betrothed to a rich heiress, possessed of all fashionable accomplishments; I adored her with enthusiasm; her love, I thought, would repay me for all my disappointments. But I soon saw that she was nothing more than a proud fool, who wished to make me her slave, and yoke all other men beside her to a triumphal chariot. I broke off the engagement, and selected a poor but charming girl—a sweet innocent being, as I thought, who would be my life's own angel. Alas! I found her one day bidding adieu with tears and kisses to a youth whom she loved: she had accepted me for my wealth only. My peace of mind vanished, and I sought diversion in travel. Everywhere I found the same hollowness, the same treachery, the same misery. In short, I became disgusted with life, and resolved to put an end to this pitiable farce."

"Unfortunate young man," said the other, with tears of sympathy, "how deeply I pity you. I confess I have been more fortunate than you. I possessed a wife and a daughter, who came forth pure and immaculate from the hand of the Creator. The one has returned to him in the whiteness of her soul, and so will the other."

"Will you give me your address, old man, and permit me to visit your daughter to-morrow? But you must also give me your word of honor that you will not inform her in any manner whatever that I am a rich man." The old man held out his hand.

"I give you my word. I am anxious to convince you that I have spoken the truth. My name is Wilhelm Schmidt, and here is my address;" giving him, at the same time, a bit of paper which he drew from his pocket. "And my name is Karl T—, I am the son of an Anton T—, take these bank-notes, but only on condition that you do not leave this house until I fetch you from it. Waiter! a bedroom for this gentleman. You require rest, Herr Schmidt. Good-night. To-morrow you will see me again; but under whatever circumstances this may happen, do not forget the word you have given me."

The name the young man had mentioned, as well as the large sum, struck the old man with astonishment; but before he could recover himself, his companion had left the house, and the waiter came to light him to his bedroom, where, wearied and worn out, he soon sank into profound sleep.

II.

In one of the narrow and ill-lighted streets of Sachsenhausen, in an attic of a low and unsightly house, sat a pretty blonde, about twenty years of age, busily employed with her needle. The furniture of the room was poor, but clean and tasteful. The girl's whole dress would not have fetched many kreutzers; but every article was as neat, and fitted her as well, as if it had cost hundreds. Her fair locks shaded a face brightened by a pair of eyes of heavenly blue, which bespoke a peaceful mind and a pure soul. The spirit of order, modesty, and cleanliness reigned in everything around her. Her features were delicate, like those of one nobly born; her eyes betrayed sleepiness and anxiety, and ever and anon a deep sigh rose from the maiden's breast. Suddenly, steps were heard on the staircase, and her face lighted up with joy. She listened, and doubt seemed to overshadow her brow. Then came a knock at the door, which made her tremble so much that she almost wanted the courage to say "Come in." A young man, shabbily dressed, entered the room, and made a low but awkward bow.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said he; "does Herr Schmidt live here?"

"Yes, sir. What is your pleasure?"

"Are you his daughter Bertha?"

"I am."

"Then it is you that I seek. I come from your father."

"For Heaven's sake, where is he? What has happened? Something must have happened—this is the first time he has stayed away all night."

"The misfortune is not very great."

"Oh, my poor, poor father, what shall I hear!"

The young man seemed to observe the visible marks of anxiety with great interest; then, looking round the room, he said—"Do not be frightened, my dear girl; it is nothing of great importance. Your father met last night an old acquaintance, who invited him to a tavern. They had some wine together; but when the landlord came for his bill, your father's friend had decamped, and left him to pay the score. He had not sufficient money for this; and now the man will not let him go until he is paid, and declares that unless he gets his money, he will send him to prison."

"To prison!—my father to prison!—exclaimed the girl. "Can you tell me how much the bill comes to?"

"Three florins and a half."

"O God!" sighed the girl, "all I have does not amount to more than one florin; but I will go at once to Madame Berg, and beg of her to advance me the money."

"Who is Madame Berg?"

"The milliner for whom I work."

"But if Madame Berg does not advance the money—what then?" The girl burst into tears.

"I am much afraid she will refuse. I already owe her one florin, and she is very hard."

"For what purpose did you borrow the money you owe her?"

The girl hesitated to reply.

"You may trust me. I take the deepest interest in your misfortunes, and I sincerely wish I could assist you, but I am only a poor clerk myself. Tell me for what purpose did you borrow that florin?"

"Well, my father is very weak, and occasionally requires strengthening. I borrowed that money to get a quarter of a loaf for him."

"Under these circumstances, I fear Madame Berg will not give you any more. Here is one florin, but that is all I possess. Have you any valuables upon which we could raise some money?" Bertha considered for a moment.

"I have nothing," said she, at length, "but my poor mother's prayer-book. On her death-bed, she entreated me not to part with it, and there is nothing in the world I hold more sacred than her memory, and the promise I gave her; but still, for my father's sake, I must not hesitate." With a trembling hand she took the book down from the shelf. "O, sir," said she, "during many a sleepless night I have been accustomed to enter the secret thoughts of my heart on the blank leaves at the end of the book. I hope no one will ever know whose writing they are: will you promise me that?"

"Certainly, my dear Bertha. Do not alarm yourself. I will take care that your secrets shall not be profaned. But now get ready, that we may go."

Whilst she left the room to put on her bonnet and shawl, Karl T— (for the reader will have guessed that the young man was no other than our hero) glanced over the writing of the girl in the book, and his eyes filled with tears of emotion and delight as he read the outpourings of a pure and pious heart; and when they had left the house together, and she was walking beside him with a dignity of which she seemed entirely unconscious, he cast upon her looks of respect and admiration.

They first went to Madame Berg, who did not give the advance required, but assured the young man that Bertha was an angel. Certainly this praise Mr. T— valued higher than the money he had asked for. They pawned the book, and the required sum was made up. Bertha was overjoyed.

"But if you spend all your money to day, remarked the young man, on what will you live to-morrow?"

"I do not know, but I trust in God. I shall work the whole night through."

"Yes, trust in God firmly, and He will help you," exclaimed Karl, with an enthusiasm which almost betrayed the emotion he felt.

When they came to the tavern, the young man went in first to prepare old Mr. Schmidt for the part he wished him to act; then he fetched Bertha. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt when he saw the young girl throw herself in her father's arms, and press him to her heart.

"O father," said she, "what a dreadful night have I had—how uneasy I have been about you. But, thank God, I have you again!" and her face brightened up with a smile of joy.

She paid the bill, and triumphantly led him home. T— accompanied them, and said he had a few more kreutzers in his pocket; she had better go and get them something to eat. And then you should have seen this darling girl, how she busied herself, and how gladly she set about it. The young man felt as if he could fall at her feet and worship her. It was late before T— went home that night; but the leap from the Main Brucke was no more thought of. He came to the house every evening, in order, as he said, to share with them his scanty earnings.

About a fortnight after, as he was going away one evening, he said to Bertha: "Will you become my wife? I am only a poor clerk, but I am honest and upright."

Bertha blushed, and cast her eyes to the ground.

"Can you love me, Bertha?" he asked again, in an overflow of feeling.

She was silent, and did not raise her head; but she held out her hand. He seized it, and kissed it fervently.

"Bertha," said he, "I love you immeasurably; you have saved my life."

A few days after, the young couple, simply but respectfully attired, and accompanied by Herr Schmidt, went to church, where they were married in a quiet way.

When they came out man and wife, an elegant carriage was standing at the door, and a footman in rich livery let down the step.

"Come," said the happy husband to his bewildered wife, who looked at him with amazement.

Before she could utter a word, the three were seated in the carriage, driving away at a quick pace. The carriage stopped before a splendid house in the best part of Frankfurt. They were received by a number of domestics, who conducted them to apartments decorated in the most costly style.

"This is your mistress," said T— to the servants; "and her commands you have henceforth to obey. My darling wife," said he then, turning to Bertha, "I am Karl T—, one of the wealthiest men of this city. This house is yours, and these servants will attend on you. I hold a pledge from you that riches will not corrupt your heart. Here it is, in the prayer-book of your poor mother, written by your own hand: 'If thou wert to give me all the treasures of the world, O Lord, I would still remain Thine humble servant. For what is gold before Thee, that lookest into the heart! Thine is my heart, and Thine it shall remain.'"

"It is the Lord's and thine, my beloved Karl," whispered Bertha, and sank in his arms.

"Hurrah for the leap from the Main Brucke!" exclaimed T—, embracing his father-in-law.

The Emperor Nicholas' Bedchamber.

The Nord has published the following details of a visit made by its correspondent to the bedroom of the Emperor Nicholas, at St. Petersburg.

The person who acted as my guide did not say whether he was taking me. He conducted me into an arched room, of very moderate dimensions, and lighted by a single window, looking into a court. This room was both a study and bed room. Before the window was placed a desk, on which was a pocket-book half open, a few sheets of paper and some pens, a crumpled up handkerchief, a small statuette of the Prince of Wales, in the dress of a sailor, a water-color drawing representing children. A straw-bottomed chair was placed at the desk, which was much the worse for wear, and bore many marks of being cut with a penknife. Near this desk was an old sofa, covered with green leather, with well-worn cushions. Opposite, on a console ornamented with a mirror, was a dressing case, in leather, the simplicity of which showed that its owner did not indulge in any refinements of the toilet. On the chimney-piece was a small time-piece, in black marble, on which stood a bust of the Count de Benckendorff. There was no looking-glass on the chimney. Half concealed by the time-piece was a statuette, in bronze, of Napoleon I., similar to that in the Place Vendôme. Some pictures ornamented the walls, representing military scenes, painted by Horace Vernet, or German artists. A bust of Marshal Radezky stood on the console; a portrait of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of Paul, was hung half concealed in the corner of the wall; in one corner of the room stood a common soldier's musket, and on a small table was the helmet of a general, without a plume, and bearing marks of long service.

Near the sofa, and parallel with the desk, was an iron camp bed. On this bed, which my guide told me to press with my hand to see how hard it felt, was a mattress covered with leather, and a pillow stuffed with hay. There was folded upon the bed an old grey union cloth; and at the foot of it, on a well-worn carpet, was a pair of morocco leather slippers. I contemplated with surprise this austere retreat in a remote corner of one of the most magnificent palaces of Europe. When I had seen all, my guide said: "This is the study and bed room of the Emperor Nicholas. At that desk he sat for nearly thirty years, and on that bed he drew his last breath. That old clock, which he always wore, when in this room, belonged to his brother Alexander. On that carpet he knelt down and prayed morning and night, every day of his reign. These slippers, which he wore to the last day of his life, were given him by the Empress on the day of his marriage. With that musket he himself taught his children the manual exercise, and this helmet he always wore in the streets of St. Petersburg."

CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

Dr. C. F. Winslow, in a paper recently prepared by him, re-affirms the opinion he advanced some time since, that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and all changes of level on the earth's surface, are caused by the action of the sun—first, because the Moon, Venus, Earth and Mars, all having similar inequalities of surface, must have some general or central cause for their uniform physical appearances; and, second, because the frequency of earthquakes is greatest during the time when the earth is rolling through the perihelion portion of its orbit, and lowest when in the aphelion. Dr. Winslow also details facts which go to prove that earthquakes and volcanic phenomena are inseparably connected with the earth's motion round the sun, and that some change of tension is annually indulged in the molten nucleus of the globe, whereby dynamical energy is exercised and its surface is elevated, rent, shaken, or opened for the eruption of the plutonic fluid, which rolls or presses underneath it, or flows through conduits which form a sort of network throughout the solid crust.

A LIBEL UPON CAPE COD.—This libelous paragraph appears in a late English paper:

"In the vicinity of Cape Cod two apple trees and a gooseberry bush are called an orchard. Captain Boreas owns five plum trees, and is looked upon as an aristocrat. One year they don't bear, and the next they can't—the schoolboys using the fruit for bullets to kill owls with. Great country, that Cape Cod."

COULD WAIT NO LONGER.—One day during the past week a bridal party arrived at the Spencer House, Cincinnati, from Bracken county, Ky., consisting of the bride, bridegroom and the lady and gentleman who attended upon them during the wedding ceremony.

During the afternoon the happy party took a ride around the city, in the evening attending the National Theatre, after which they sought their quarters and retired for the night at a very respectable hour. The remainder of the story is related by the Cincinnati Enquirer, as follows:

The young lady who attended upon the bride was a young sister, who, it appears, had been courted for more than a year by the attendant upon the bridegroom. He had even gone so far as to ask the hand of the sister from the lady's father, but was refused on account of the extreme youth of the daughter, she being but a trifle upward of sixteen.

Everything went merry as a marriage bell until the following morning at nine o'clock, when the bride and bridegroom appeared at the breakfast table, where they were met by the ever-smiling Pratt, the landlord. Late as it was, the rest of the party had not come down, and the bride requested that they be sent for. It was done. The messenger, however, soon returned with the intelligence that neither the lady nor the gentleman were in their rooms. This was astounding, the wonder was what was become of them, although it was shrewdly suspected by the bridegroom what course the twain had taken. Inquiry was made by the gentleman on watch when the first train of cars left for Louisville that morning, whereupon it was ascertained the lovers had taken the train, and were far upon their journey to matrimony.

Last evening, about seven o'clock, that part of the wedding party left behind received a despatch from Louisville, which read:

"Dear Sister: Charles and I could wait no longer—the knot is tied. KATE."

It was rather an unexpected sequel, but Pratt said there did not appear to be many regrets among any of the party; on the contrary, the bride and bridegroom on the first part appeared highly delighted.

ANOTHER CASPER HAUSER STORY.—A letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* tells a most romantic story of a girl who was found in November, 1853, wandering about near the village of Welskirchen, in the Banat, almost in a savage state, unable to speak intelligibly, though she was full grown. She has been carefully educated, since that time, by Frederick Eck, the teacher to whom she was confided by the municipal authorities of Offenbach. She is now able to give some account of herself, and the result has been published by Herr Eck in a pamphlet just printed at Frankfurt. What can be collected from her is, that before she was five years old, she was seized and carried away from her mother, who lived, according to her description, in a large house, like a castle, with three towers, and probably situated somewhere in Hungary.

For some fifteen or sixteen years afterwards she lived in a place under ground, in the midst of a forest, where she was tended by an old woman called Bertha, and a man named Eleazer used to bring food and clothes for both of them. About seven years after her arrival there a little baby, two or three months old, named Adolf, was brought to the subterranean dwelling, and remained there from that time. No instruction was given to either of the children, but they were kindly treated. In October, 1853, their foster-mother, Bertha, took the girl out of the cavern, put her into a carriage drawn by two horses, and conveyed her to the place where she was abandoned near Aschaffenburg, whence she wandered about until she was found by the country people. The little boy was left behind in the underground abode. Such is the story which Herr Eck has been able to gather from the girl's broken recollections. The Austrian government has directed all possible researches to be made by the local authorities to clear up this mysterious affair.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.—In a city of Belgium extravagance has assumed such alarming proportions that the ladies themselves have been obliged to combine for the purpose of arresting its disastrous progress. It appears that extravagance had been for some years a source of constraint in families, and it was noticed no marriages were contracted, since the young men, frightened at the bills looming up in the distance, preferred to live in celibacy. The mothers, recognizing the inconvenience of a state of affairs encouraged by themselves, have resolved to bring about salutary reform, and with this view they have formed a committee, which meets once a week. They have declared open war with extravagance, and every member announces publicly the retrenchments made in her own household expenses. They say that happy results have already been obtained, and that similar associations are to be formed in the neighboring towns.

THE MENAGERIE.—Mr. Showman, what's that?

"That, my dear, is the Rhynoceros. He is cousin German or Dutch relative to the Unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his will, which accounts for his low spirits when he's melancholy or rejected. He is now somewhat aged, but he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survey the wisdom of Providence as displayed in the ringtailed monkey, a haniatal that can stand hanging like a feller critter, only it's reversed."

When is a lover like an ancient instrument of war?

Ans.—When he is a cross beau (cross-bow).

Advantage of a Good Name.

As the steamboat Northern Belle was on her up-the-Mississippi trip, it was rumored among the passengers that the poet Longfellow was on board. The Historical Society had extended to the poet an invitation to be present at the corner-stone laying, and a distinctly marked trunk, "H. W. Longfellow," coming on board, settled the fact that the author of *Hiawatha* was one of their number. But which is he? was the oft-repeated question; and none answered except to guess. At the table, each one was looking most intently at the other to divine which was the poet, and all wondered why every one stared so. This man was pronounced the poet because he wore a moustache; that one because he shaved clean; and we noted the fact as to who was Longfellow, was settled either by the excess or lack of hair. This doubt in a few hours became unendurable, and the universal cry was to "trout out" Longfellow. Finally, by the aid of the clerk, the number of his state-room was ascertained to be 30, and a grand placed at either door of 30, so that no one could escape undetected. Soon the door opened, and Longfellow passed to the deck, where were assembled the curious. It was arranged that an old Virginia major, who had faced the red men in their most savage days at Fort Snelling, should draw from him the mysterious passenger an admission that he was the poet Longfellow. The major, by his age, and fund of information regarding the Indians, was a privileged character on board, and stepping up to the occupant of 30, slapped him on the shoulder with "Well, old chap, they say you are Longfellow?" "That is my name, sir," was the answer. "Well," persevered the major, "are you H. W. Longfellow?" "I am," replied the now observed of all observers. "Well," continued the major, "are you Longfellow, author of—of—of—what do you call it?" "Hiawatha!" replied a dozen voices. "O yes! are you the author of Hiawatha?" All eyes were riveted upon him of state-room 30, for the answer to so direct a question must determine the interesting query. We leave our readers to imagine the scene when the close-questioned occupant of 30 said: "I am H. W. Longfellow, a shoe-maker at St. Paul." A shower of "lap-stones" could not more effectively have scattered that party; they started to their feet as if